

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ham.* How chanceth it the trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

*Ros.* I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

*Ham.* Do the hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

*Ros.* No indeede are they not.

*Ham.* It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke & those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little: s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophy could find it out. *A Florish.*

*Guy.* There are the players

*Ham.* Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands, come then th' apportenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the players, which I tell you must shoue fayrely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

*Guy.* In what my deare Lord.

*Ham.* I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I know a Hauke, from a hand-saw.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.

*Ham.* Hark you *Guyldensterne*, & you to, are each eare a hearer, that great baby as you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

*Ros.* Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophesy that he comes to tell me of the players; marke it, you say right fir a Monday morning t'was then indeed.

*Pol.* My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

*Ham.* My Lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

*Pol.* The Actors are come hether my Lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz,

*Pol.* Vppon my honor.

*Ham.* Then came each Actor on his Affe.

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall-Comicall, Historical-Pastorall, seeme indeuidable.

*Prince of Denmarke*

indeuidable, or Poem valimited, nor *Plautus* too light for the lay are the onely men.

*Ham.* O *Iephtha* Iudge of Isra

*Pol.* What a treasure had he

*Ham.* Why one faire daughter ued passing well.

*Pol.* Still on my daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i'th right old

*Pol.* What followes then my

*Ham.* Why as by lot God w passe, as most like it was; the fi show you more, for looke wher

*Enter the Play*

*Ham.* You are welcome maist thee well, welcome good friend valane'd since I saw thee last, co what my young lady and Mi nerer to heauen, then when I chopine, pray God your voyce bee not crackt within the ring weele ento't like friendly Fau weele haue a speech strait, co come a passionate speech.

*Player.* What speech my goo

*Ham.* I heard thee speake me ted, or if it was, not about once not the million, t'was cauiary t' ued it & others, whose iudgment of mine, an excellent play, well with as much modesty as cunning were no fallers in the lines, to matter in the phrase that might but cald it an honest method, a much, more handsome then fir t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & he speakes of *Priams* slaughter this line, let me see, let me see,